lous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again —THOMAS PAINE.

Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERY DAY AFFAIRS.

Helen Answers the Telephone and Tells Laura That She Will Not Forgive Her for Snubbing Her

"Weil," was all she vouchsafed.

was affaid of what you might say,

and I didn't dare encourage you to

sit down for fear you would make

"I didn't know that I was in the

habit of making breaks," Helen re-

turned. "However, it doesn't make

any difference, Laura, not the least

that you intend to be hurt?"

"You mean you won't understand,

Laura's idea that she could de

words amused even while it in-

and could never feel at liberty, to

speak to you in public again with-

"But Helan, you don't under-

"You needn't tell me anything

anyway, in the last few years, and

was a solemnity about breaking a

see if you actually had the nerve.

You knew all along what I have

thought of Laura and the way she

Warren was giving Helen the

support now that he had denied her

a few minutes ago, and she felt

the unfairness of it all. He had

managed the entire situation and

she had been forced into doing as

she had done. Whether or not she would be sorry afterward for her

impulsiveness for her quick ac-tion, remained to be seen. It might be that if she had forgiven Laura

this time the worst possible thing would have happened both to

pride, but still there remained the faint regret that she had not given

Laura a chance to explain, no mat-

ter how weak and wabbly the ex-

of this highly interesting series.)

to do so.

The food question is found be-

Look for the cause while seeing

the effect.

Do not be so lost in horror at a

deformity that you cannot see that

it need not have occurred, if"If" is not a stopping point, but a

starting point.
If children had enough to eat of the

proper kind of food, if parents were

alive to the importance of fresh air.

hygienic clothing, correct habits,

there would be fewer tubercu-

hind a large percentage o

(Watch for the next instalment

planation.

Keeping Your Health

has acted since her marriage,"

stand. This man"- Laura began,

not my idea of Triendship."

but Reien cut her short.

a break of some kind."

in the world now."

furiated Helen.

Copyright, 1917, International News Service. | lating anger, and she was able to HERE'S the telephone now." sald Warren. "For heaven's sake stop crying and go and answer it."

Helen, who had finally auccumbed to tears, looked at Warren indig-

"Haven't you any regard at all for my feelings." she began.

Warren shook his head, "Not in this case. You know very well that you aren't the type of woman to bear malice-you couldn't if you tried. You know you're dissolved with curiosity this minute to find

out why she acted this way and cut you as she did, and you know that in the end you'll forgive her. So why the useless tears and protests-

Helen was too angry and hurt at Warren's lack of sympathy to stop and reason that nearly everything he had said was true. Women seldom stop to reason when they are angry, and the fact that Warren could think the thing out logically and reasonably seemed to Helen unfair. The fact that he was seeing ahead a short distance to the point where Helen herself would see it the same way did not occur to her. Just now she was certain that Warren was all wrong and was simply talking to wound her further.

"Aren't you going to answer the telephone " Warren asked calmly, Tou know I'm not," Helen said

quickly; "I'll asid Mary to do it." That's right; that's the woman of it for you; let your servants in on the most private of your affairs." And Warren strode across to the telephone quickly.

"Warren, don't you dare to say that I am at home," said Helen, in a half whisper. Warren had already taken the receiver off the hook and was talking in his usual brusque

"Yes, yes; hello! Oh, is this you again, Laura? Yes, Helen is home; do you want to speak to her now?" There was evidently a frantic appeal from the other end, and Warren held out the receiver to Helen

imperatively. "I'm not going to talk to her," said Helen firmly.

"Come on," suid Warren; "come on and get the thing over with." Helen felt unspeakably foolish. She knew that Warren had caught her fairly. If she had answered the telephone in the beginning at least her pride would have been saved, but if she refused to go now her attitude would be ridiculous. She might have known that Warren

would not stand by her. "Hello, Laura." she said, speaking coldly: "did you want to speak to

"Oh, Helen," came Laura's voice across the wire; "you don't know how frantic I have been since that afternoon. I don't know what you must think of me."

Helen by this time had conquered her tears and was angry again, but this time it was a cold, calcu-

By Ira S. Wile, M. D.,

Associate Editor American Medi-

cine and Former Member N. Y.

SPINAL curvature suggests marked deformity. City Board of Education.

suit of severe disease, always ex-

To overcome the bent form one

The commonest types of spinal

curvature are too generally ignored

or accepted as too trifling to re-

quire attention.
The years of childhood, when

bones are soft and habits are in

formation, represent the time for preventing or correcting the princi-

pal spinal deformation.

Look at your youngeters when
they are completely undressed, to

nake certain of their straight

If the spine is curved outwardly

humphack fortunately is

There are milder degrees of de-

Undernourishment causes mus

Incorrect posture as a habit re-

sults in deformity.
You regard the provision of ade-guate food, as more rational than

Rickets, rapid growth, and un-derfeeding, coupled with incorrect forward postures, form the main causes of rounded, illiformed

What a strain falls upon the

achool child who is told to stand

up straight when his weakened

he wearing of braces.

you will note the round shoulders, the shoulder blades sticking out

like wings; the clear is flaten di there may be a projection, rounded

culosis is being conquered.

pal spinal deformities.

would be willing to spend a for-

cites sympathy.

The twisted back, as a re-

The Girls Who Work For Uncle Sam BOBBIE'S PA

By NELL BRINKLEY •



Miss Ethel Hipkins, Department of Agriculture

there and see the rest-for these generous three whis- high and her shoulders up, with her neck a column bethem out of the many, lay that way—the way of brown cause we see it so seldom now, hair and eyes-and that there were a score left out,

This is the face of a girl who loves to laugh. Her spark. She held very still-but it was a piteous busi- heart-confesses to being thought sometimes a "coname is Miss Ethel Hipkins, a true Washington girl, girl. with the soft drawl of the South that we like to hear in their speech. Her hair is almost red. With the tennis, and canoe, and skate, and LAUGH. But you'd is my, and Love's, idea of a pretty, feminine, TOMBOY. I "black on white."

Here is the third of the three prettiest girls in the | In this day of debutante-slouches, and soldier-droops Department of Agriculture. Some day I shall visit if wakes you up to see a girl coming holding her head pered me in my ear that the man's taste, who picked tween the two, in a way that we have forgotten be-

Mrs. Fashion has scowled at a straight back on a with eyes blue and gray and hair other color than girl-or something. For we see longed-out necks, and theirs, "who are prettier far" than they! What do arched backs, and the fading-away line of chest, every-YOU 'hink? Do you think they could very well be where that our pertty lady-birds gather and chatter. prettier and sweeter than these? What would "old But there is a pretty girl, who holds her head high, her Dan" do, do you think, if he came face to face with a shoulders up, making a lovely line from neck to arm. sweeter face than this many times during his busy day? And out on the world she looks with a pair of amazingly red-brown, dancing eyes, and a mouth that laughs lips are almost sober here—almost straight—but the when you look at her—as a child's does. She is happy dimple in her cheek is growing and growing-and the and gay-loves her work-admires the girls around her wine-color of her eyes is brightening into a dancing -looks askance at love, yet owns to a soldier-sweetness-with a straight lovely neck like a statue's, and quette" because she laughs so much ("but I just HAVE a conscientious devotion to the thing she must do. Her to") -and is altogether a lovable, wholesome, outdoor

You'd know if you should see her that she could

color of an autumn leaf in the bright brown. And you never guess that the name of her hobby that she rides look from hair to eyes, and find them the same color as away from everybody else on, is-embroidery! But though they were dyed to match. Little Miss Hipkins the can. The others told me so. And I have it down

Dearest: I am persuaded that from your letters I shall know nothing of how things are with you! At least I shall know nothing of your hardships! And it is so much worse to leave it all to my

imagination; it turns the thumb

screws on my soul, and then ap-

plies the red-hot pincers! I know

rors that surround you which

ever remember the cat and the dog, and my poor dove with the

broken wing! And as for us-we

three loving women-you envelop

us with your tender care, and no

matter what you may be suffer-

ing, your first thought is that we shall not share its horrors with

you. Beloved, you are the realiza-

tion of Robert Louis Stevenson's

"Prayer." I have been reading it

again today-and oh! how I wish,

in my poor weak way, I might live

up to that wonderful supplication. "Give us grace and strength to

forbear and to persevere. Give us

courage and gayety and a quiet

soften us to our enemies. Bless

us if it may be in all our innocent

to encounter tribulation, temper-

ate in wrath and in changes of

fortune; and down to the gates

of death, loyal and loving one an-

prayer, beloved? My heart, on its

knees, repeats it before God. "Give

us grace and strength to forbear

"If it may not be, give us strength

endeavors.

Spare us to our friends,

Isn't that a beautiful

keeps you so uniformly gay!

lous or deformed young people. You know persons with twisted spines, but do you think of the wrong they may be suffering? Needless deformity is sinful. That mainutrition should be responsible for marked physical de-fects is a reflection upon the under-standing and sympathy of intelli-

gent individuals and communities. Has your child one shoulder higher than the other? Are both hips at the same height? Does the backbone twist from side ids or does it form the mid-line of the back?

Paralysis may cause severe and ermanent spinal curvature. Fractures or injuries of the legs r hips may throw unnatural stress upon the spine and lead to consequent deformity.

Tuberculosis of the spine is a

menace to apinal strength. But mainutrition, weak muscles and carsiess habits of posture are the main causes of the curvatures noted during childhood and ado

The gymnasium cannot take the place of the dining room in precenting spinal curvature. Posture in many ways is depend-

the most important factor in pro ducing various abnormal curves.

Muscular control requires foofor the bedy and mind. A food problem lurks in ever curve of the spine.

Every Girl Should Read To My Sweetheart Soldier Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters actually suspect me of having a THIRTEENTH LETTER. of my lonely soul. "You in the

trenches, amid the roar of battle and the falling of your comrades, have that grace and strength. While I, here in my protected home-surrounded omfort and peace and love -shrink from imaginary terrors, and cry aloud for strength to help me through the long nights and for faith to be my companion through it is because you do not want us the days. to have any conception of the hor-

Tell me more if you can, dearest. Tell me if you are suffering from exposure Tell me how your comrades fare! Tell me more of the sweet singer, who cheers you all at night, with his songs of "Home' and "Mother!" I can see your dear eyes fill with tears-you who are o tender hearted-but, Oh! your head is very high, and if your heart aches for just a moment, it is not with fear or regret, but with pride because you are a soldier in this fight for the whole world's

There is lots of "neighboring" here. And because you are my looked upon as a sort of bureau of private information. The the truth about the various newspaper reports, "Now my dear Mrs. ———, you certainly know if the English rolled up that mile of German line." And
-"Do you suppose the French

husband and in the ranks I am en all run in to me to get have lost 1,000 men as prisoners?" I am supposed to be able to

take the map and place my finger

right on the spot where Haig is at the current moment; and as for

Pershing! I don't know that they

private cable to his headquarters, but I know they think I have information of a mysterious sinister character which can only be mentioned in whispers and be-hind a discreet hand! Thus you Thus you see how your glory is reflected in your wife! I never knew there could be so

much neighboring. To the city-bred, who hardly know who lives next door, this all comes as a great revelation. There are many interesting people to tell you of, but they must wait upon another

Tonight I have an indescrib able feeling of weakness - not physical, but a darkening of the spirit, never before experienced and hard to understand. The general and I have been down to the edge of the gold n where the river flows by. The sunset was ht and many hued golden path across field and mountain seemed to be a radiant entrance to the Gate of Heaven, an dthe little fittering shadows were like weary souls, finding peace and refuge in that happy Were they the souls of the brave fighting men in France, winging their way through pain and death to the eternal fields of

And now, beloved, my last word must not be of death or darkness! It must be of hore and faith and love, and Oh! beloved, "the great-est of these is love."

Good night-my thoughts go out to you in the dark, like wise virgins, swinging love's lamp for YOUR ANXIOUS WIFE.

By William F. Kirk. HIS is the most Artick winter

which I have ever naw, since I was a young goser, sed Pa. That is choice langwidge wich you are using in front of yure yung son, sed Ms. You are going to malk Bobby slangy, Ma sed, if you don't git wise to youreself.

I never think, sed Pa. Wen I am Il excited, like about this freesing vether, I am liable to spill sum nose chatter, but mostly I try to spiel correck in front of my son and Pa. I sent that a true saying? I supposs so, sed Ma. How cold

it is without. How cold it is without coal, you prubly mean, sed Pa. There is sumthing wrong about this coal situashun wich needs stratening out. I beleeve I will have to talk a run onver to Washington, Pa sed, & have a littel talk with them Seckret Servis men. My long yeers of expectionce as a setektiv, sed Pa. will help me to ferret out them weenels wich at overcharging the nashun for coal There has got to be a stop put to this, sed Pa.

This winter reeminds me of the winter I first saw you, sed Ma. You call on me in a sleigh wich you hired at a livery, sed Ma. You looked reel hansum wen you jumped out of that sleigh, sed Ma. & caim running up the steps to our front door. I reemember you were smeaking a big black dignt, see

Ma.

Them was brite and butiful days, sed Pa. I never cared in them days how much munny I paid for my cigars. Now, sed Pa. I have to smoak my pipe meast of the time. I bet you was glad to see me wen I need to cum calling on you, sed I used to cum calling on you, sed Pa. I used to always have a cheery smile in them days. How little does Youth know about the wallops wich wait a round the corner, sed

But you are a much moar charm-But you are a much most in yure ing man now than you was in yure yung daya, sed Ma. You have wore off the ruff edges & dress better & talk gmoother now, sed Ma smoother & moar. You were kind of bashful & reetiring wen I first knew you, sed Ma. & you had no concert.

I have nevver had any concest, sed Pa. I reelise my ability, but I nevver speek of it now any moar than I did then. Do you reemen ber the time yure old gent went out with me to a Elk's Convenshun. sed Pa. He dident cum hoam for two days & yure mother was kind of cold to me for a long time after that. Speeking of cold wether, sed Pa, this cold spall we are having now aint anything to the cold looks I got from yure deer mother after thata Elks Convensium. . Father always had the hart of a

boy, sed Ma. He liked a good time Sobble's deer father in that respeck sed Mn. But sold wether or not, deer, she sed to Pa, this is a New Year & we are starting it with our harts warm & brite with luv & understanding, I do not in tend to de a thing this whole year.

pane, she sed to Pa. That is fine, sed Pa. I was jest roing to ask you if I cud go to a wres-ling match at Hooper's Hang-out, sed Pa. A Terribul Turk is go-ing to wressel a Sensitiv Swede tonite, sed Pa, & all the boys will be

two charming persons meet, sed Ma, you may go, but tonite there is going to be a littel whist gaim rite here at hoam, the cumpany will be umming most any minnit.

I see, sed Pa, this year is going to be jest like any old year, after all. It reeminds me of what Shakespeer rote, sed Pa:

The years roll by. Sum wild, sum tame.

Advice to the · Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax. To Win Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax:
I am desperately in love with
a young man who does not seem
to care for me. He has been calling at my home for several years, and as he was a number of years my senior I did not real-ize I loved him until about a year ago. At first I thought be me as a sweetheart but I have come to the conclusion that it is only a brotherly love he bears me. I would do anvihing to please him. My parents are anx lously awaiting the title can go to them and tell them that he has asked me for my hand but what shall I do when am afraid he does not 'ove me I shall anxiously awai the ap-pearance of this letter in print and trust that your anner shall be one that will relieve my anx DESPURATE

If it were possible for me to alt at my desh and tell you how to compel the lave of a man, I should not be a mere wedan, bu a witch. My dear girl, it this man comes to your hance very often and shows you a tender irotherly affection, you have already in your affection, you have already in your favor propinquity and naturalliking. Now if you want to win him, you can only try want sweetness and amisbility and sympathy with his work and ambitions will do. Try to please him material of thinking always how much he pleases you. Show him your best and most generous self. If you are respectful and loving to your parents, clever and interesting, friendly and natural sympathetic and stimulating, there 's a very good chance that thes things, plus his own fondness for on, plus, a little show of affection on your part, will all help you win hom. Your own over-anxiety plus that your parents, may harm unless you are very tactful.

How Long to Work

THE HUMAN MACHINE HAS DEFINITE LIMITS

Prof. Servish Gives Interesting Light on the Question Drawn from Experiences of the War.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

THE war has been teaching some chine that will be useful when peace comes. Fortunately, a man is a machine that thinks about itself, and consequently is able to do its own repairing, and to judge for itself how long and how fast it ought to run. When a motor burns itself out by running with no oil you cannot kick the poor, innocent machine for its stupidity; but when a man is guilty of equivalent foolishness he ought to be kicked.

Now, one of the things the war has been teaching is about how long, at a time, human muscles can keep on doing their best work. In the munition factories over in England they found that when they reduced the number of hours of work from 62 to 56 per week the total output per week increased nearly ten per cent, while the rate of out-put per hour increased as much as 22 per cent. This was in the case of head work

When lighter work, done by women, was reduced from 68.2 to 60 hours per week, the total output was also "notably increased." From these observations Dr. C. S. Sherrington draws the conclusion that there is for manual impor, a certain length of working week, or working month, best suited "for satisfactory production in permanence." Just what the length should be depends upon the kind of work, and has to be found out and measured by the method of experiment. Once discovered, or established, by careful observation this "optimum," or most favorable, number of working hours per week or month becomes a valuable asset to both the employer and the worker.

The whole subject rests upon the study of fatigue, a word that has a scientific meaning differing from its popular one. In the popular sense when you are fatigued you are "tired out," and that expression, like an axiom in Euclid, admits of no further definition-you know what it means though you can't tell. But the acientific conception of fatigue is much more definite. A muscle is fatigued when by its activity it has produced a certain quantity of waste, or of "fatigue substances" that "poleon" it, and thereby more or less paralyze its action for a

verves Affected.

It is something like the state of inefficiency into which the motor of an automobile falls when the cylindera get coated with carbon. When an automobile in that condition tries to climb a hill it knows, or would know if its automatism extended into the field of intelligence, what fatigue means in both the scitific and the popular sense.

There 's fatigue of nerves as well as of museles, and it is the nerves brain to the muccles. But a no recovers from fatigue much more quickly than a muscle. Fatigue also affects the brain, the centre of the nervous system, but whether the whole brain ever gets simultaneously into a state of fatigue is doubtful,

Everybody must have noticed the effect of a change of the subject of thought or attention when the mind seems to be tired or dulled-instantly the mind brightens up as if its current had been switched from a clog, d into a free channel, or from a group of fatigued cells to a group of fresh ones. But the mind can certainly tire the body out, whether or not it is ever itself tired

Limit Is Fixed.

When the length of the working period affects a large number of persons working together at the same occupation, a fixed limit, determined by the principle of averages, offers the best plan, but workers who work alone by themselves ought to find out by self-ebservation how long they can continue to work at a time with advantage. If they overstep the limit, whatever It may be, they find that the quality of the work as well as the quantity turned out in a unit of time is diminished.

Not only the kind of work, and its "laboriousness," or hardness, but also the individuality of the worker varies the result. Sometimes a man will be found who can, without fatigue, and with full efficiency, continue to work twice as long as another engaged in the same occupation. That is his gift, and he ought not to be deprived of it, since its use is to the common benefit of mankind by increasing the sum of production.

These exceptional workers who seem never to tire probably represent the normal state of man. Science has discovered no indications that man was ever in his earlier stages a "gentleman of leisure." It is a mistake to think that animals, such as apes for instance, lead a life of idleness. They work for their lives every day of their existence, only, what is work for them looks like play or loitering to us. The lary-looking caw chewing her end is working the best way she knows, and tiresome work you would find it if you had to do it, and keep it up all day,

Work is the glory and delight of life, and the only acceptable excuse for being in this world, and the object of all these practical investigations of the principle of fatigue and recovery is to find out, not what is the least possible amount of work that a human being can get along on, but what is the greatest amount that he can do without decreasing

Such is the gospel of work, which as of museles, and it is the nerves those who are not of the elect may that convey the impulses from the regard as hard doctrine.

Meeting Success Half Way

By Lilian Lauferty. 66] GUESS we'll have to give that

up as a bad job," said the president of the company mournfully. "Why?" asked the manager,

"Because it can't be done in the time the Wilton people allow. They insist in having these goods shipped out inside of a week, and even if we sit up all hight, we can't finish the job and got the stuff out. I hate to lose a fifty thousand dollar order, but lose it we must for no human being could put the job through in the time allotted. It just can't be done—that's all." "Oh, I say-let's do it then!"

cried the manager boyishly. And they did! There lies the real secret of all

success. Doing the thing which looks as if it couldn't be done-tap-ping levels of energy beyond those yourself to exertion greater than you are justified by experience in recognizing as your possession; all this goes to make you a success. When I was a very, very little girl, my joy in life was a beautiful

bicycle. It got me frightfully out of breath to drive my machine up an incline and I was always making excuses not to go out of the city

One day my father fairly ordered me to come along with him on a trip to a neighboring village. And he selected the hillest route gently rolling indiana possessed. At the bottom of the first real "twister" I basked "I can't to up that dad-dy I'd be all out of breath when I got to the top." I whimpered. "Come on!" ordered my father,

with unwonted sternness er, longer hill than the one up which I had just pedaled my breathless, panting way. I wanted to dismount or to turn and glide deliciously down the hill I had just struggled up But there was father pedaling inexorably and fast climbing out of ear-shot. I wasted breath on a few shouts and then I

accepted my fate.

Up that long, steep hill I started—
temples pounding, eyes fairly starting from their sockets, threat dry and lungs heaving and twistin and aching. It was agony, and I

fondly and dramatically expected to fall dead by the ways.de-and then suddenly I was at the top of the hill-and no longer out of breath at

I was warm-very warm, but the glow was only one part tempera-ture; the rest was amazement and the pleasing glow of achievement. I had gotten to the top of the hill and to the acquisition of my second At the bottom of any hill, you

may feel that you cannot force yourself up and over. At the top you are likely to realise that there wen't a hill in all the world up which you cannot drive yourself.
All the old truisms about the
darkest hour that comes just before the dawn and the enjoyment that never feasts so high as when At this particular moment when

you think you cannot go on strug-gling and starving, you have come to the great landing on life's stair-case from which there are two branches. One leads to failure; it marks a cessation of effort-an acceptance of defeat. The other goes to success because there isn't any-where else for it to go!

where ease for it to go! Success is a matter of wanting things hard enough. It is built on tackling and accomplishing what you do not like. There is no better equipment for the structure of life. equipment for the struggle of life than struggle iself. There is tramendous energy stored within each of us And our personal tragedy is that we don't use it

that we don't use it.

Pitching into each job as if it were the task supreme, accomplishing it and then going on to the next job as if there were no past achievements on which to rest is the thing that makes life success

Writing one successful play and then never doing another thing doesn't lift a man far above failure You have to keep on "delly ure You have to keep on ering the goods"—to keep on straining to achieve—to climb every hill with as much energy as -and then to go on to the next one with the same driving forcemeans siways to get over those hills and never to stide back.

The only way to accomplish alt what you honestly almost feel you